

5-1-2000

Roots

NSU University School

Follow this and additional works at: http://nsuworks.nova.edu/uschool_litmag



Part of the [Fiction Commons](#), [Fine Arts Commons](#), [Photography Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

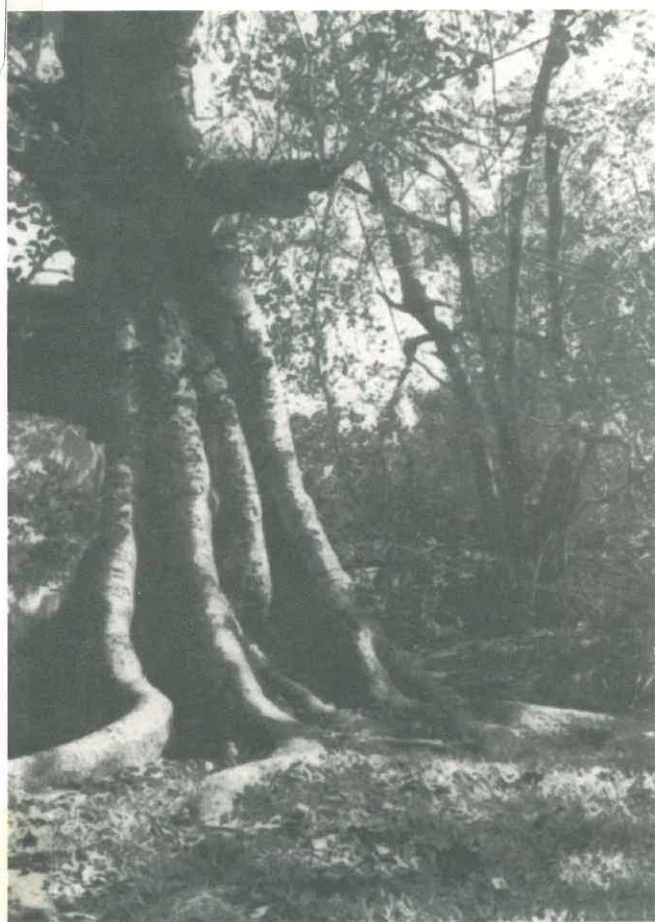
Recommended Citation

NSU University School (2000) "Roots," *Hieroglyphics: the NSU University School Literary Magazine*: Vol. 7, Article 56.
Available at: http://nsuworks.nova.edu/uschool_litmag/vol7/iss1/56

This Full Issue is brought to you for free and open access by the University School at NSUWorks. It has been accepted for inclusion in Hieroglyphics: the NSU University School Literary Magazine by an authorized administrator of NSUWorks. For more information, please contact nsuworks@nova.edu.

DISCARD

Roots



Editor

Elizabeth Harbaugh

Junior Editors

Julia Brzhosneviskiy
Shamini Mylvaganam

Art Editor

Elizabeth Carpenter

Advisor

Linda Winrow

Readers

Adam Barron
Synara Black
Brett Gaylis
Sara Gusky
Dan Hernandez
Sam Weitzner

ROOTS

Spring, 2000
Volume VII

University School Nova S.E.
Upper School Media Center
3301 College Ave.
Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33314

Special thanks to Dr. Chermak for his support; to Mrs. Jacobson for her patience; to Mrs. Maurer for her humor and warmth; to Mrs. Sussman, Mrs. Haddad, Mrs. Cox, and the media center staff for their cooperation; to all the contributors to *Roots* for their talented entries that form this creation; and most of all, to Mrs. Linda Winrow, whose understanding, dedication, encouragement, and inspiration have made this not a journey between colleagues, but an adventure shared by friends.

Editor, Elizabeth Harbaugh, 2000

Copyright 2000
University School of Nova Southeastern University
Fort Lauderdale, FL 33314

The literary magazine will consider for publication all original works submitted by current University School high school students. Entries are read anonymously and scored by the magazine staff. Pieces are selected for publication by considering score, variety, and space. Because of these constraints, not every outstanding piece can be published. All opinions and ideas expressed in this magazine are solely those of the authors and do not necessarily reflect the views of the magazine staff, faculty, or administration of the University School.

Nova Southeaster University School practices a policy of nondiscrimination in employment and admission. We hire employees and admit students of either sex and of any race, color, and national or ethnic origin.

Claire Kantor, a University School graduate of the class of 1999, passed away recently at age 19 in a tragic automobile accident. She was a unique person with many talents, a heart filled with love for everyone, and a smile that could brighten any corner. This edition of the literary magazine has been dedicated to Claire. She will always be in our hearts.

Roots

Leigh Sorkin

For Claire

Their love and adoration are given without thought,
Every loving touch and every thoughtful gesture
Are like sunlight to a flower
Helping us bloom and grow.
They broaden our horizons by opening our petals
And letting us feel the sunlight.
The choices we make are always the right ones to them
They never ask too much but love to watch us overcome a challenge
Even when they leave the natural world, we remember their roots,
Their stories, and their unconditional love.
They are gone, but we remember them.



Table of Contents

Roots, Cover photo by Claire Kantor

| | |
|---|-------|
| Roots , Leigh Sorkin..... | 3 |
| <i>Drawing by Joanne Kantor.....</i> | 4 |
| The Brightest Star , John Markowicz..... | 8 |
| <i>Drawing by Jennifer Locane.....</i> | 9 |
| Depression , Alexis Kaplan..... | 10 |
| The Shapes of Fate (Part One) , Liz Harbaugh..... | 11 |
| Eyes , Julia Brzhosnevskiy..... | 12 |
| <i>Drawing by Jennifer Locane.....</i> | 13 |
| Destiny , Chou Chou Guilder..... | 14 |
| What is Love? Jamie Schneider..... | 15 |
| <i>Drawing by Jennifer Locane.....</i> | 15 |
| Life Before Love , Karoline Chung..... | 16 |
| <i>Drawing by Sarah Blumberg.....</i> | 16 |
| Reborn , Daniel Hernandez..... | 17 |
| Shaking the Rim , Jorge Habib..... | 18-19 |
| <i>Photo by Elizabeth Carpenter.....</i> | 19 |
| So Long Too Soon , Stephen Schloss and Laura Schweitzer..... | 20 |
| <i>Drawing by Jennifer Locane.....</i> | 21 |
| The Tree , Scott Rafkin..... | 22 |
| <i>Drawing by Drew Gertner.....</i> | 23 |
| Changes , Danielle Rubin..... | 24 |
| Love , Andy Beyda..... | 25 |
| <i>Photo by Liz Harbaugh.....</i> | 26 |
| The Shapes of Fate (Part Two) , Liz Harbaugh..... | 27 |
| Ting-a-Ling: 100-Year Retrospective , Sam Weitzner..... | 28 |
| My Dream , Karoline Chung..... | 29 |
| The Enigma , Steven Cohen..... | 30 |
| <i>Photo by Esteban Pulido.....</i> | 30 |
| The Witness , Gil Sklash..... | 31 |
| Lost Identity , Ashley Gale..... | 32 |
| <i>Drawing by Jen Locane.....</i> | 33 |
| Lost , Brandon Arkin..... | 34 |
| <i>Photo by Liz Harbaugh.....</i> | 35 |

| | |
|---|-------|
| The Shapes of Fate (Part Three), Liz Harbaugh | 36 |
| Mirage, Elizabeth Botkin | 37 |
| Prison, Jonathan Jerome | 38 |
| Mother Nature, Leigh Sorkin | 39 |
| <i>Drawing by Jen Locane</i> | 39 |
| The Simple Boy, Elizabeth Friedman | 40 |
| Analysis, Michael Forman | 41 |
| Frustration, Elizabeth Blake | 42 |
| <i>Drawing by Crystabel Santos</i> | 42 |
| Pine Cone, Eric Leightman | 43 |
| <i>Drawing by Jennifer Locane</i> | 44 |
| Strength, Chris Leach | 45 |
| Sleep, Andrew Share | 46 |
| <i>Drawing by Jennifer Locane</i> | 47 |
| Dear Friend, Jennifer Goldstein | 48 |
| Table of Time's Effect, Julia Brzhosnevskiy | 49 |
| <i>Drawing by Mabel Salazar</i> | 49 |
| Nature, Chou Chou Guilder | 50 |
| The Shapes of Fate (Part Four), Liz Harbaugh | 51 |
| <i>Photo by Amber Gill</i> | 52 |
| Wooden Bench of Wisdom, Amber Gill | 53 |
| Onus, Daniel Hernandez | 54 |
| <i>Drawing by Sam Weitzner</i> | 56 |
| The Gift, Dena Cicale | 57 |
| <i>Drawing by Lauren Maurer</i> | 58 |
| Vampire, Katie Blackwelder | 59 |
| Haikus, Scott Rafkin | 60 |
| <i>Drawing by Liz Somerstein</i> | 61 |
| War Wreck, Stefani Altman | 62 |
| Grief, Suzanne Bern | 63 |
| <i>Drawing by Drew Gertner</i> | 63 |
| Who Am I? Sara Gusky | 64 |
| Footsteps, Chris Leach | 65 |
| <i>Photo by Liz Harbaugh</i> | 65 |
| A masquerade of unwritten invitations, Julia Brzhosnevskiy | 66-68 |
| <i>Drawing by Lauren Maurer</i> | 68 |
| Ode to Hackneyed Ideas #2, Shamini Mylvaganam | 69 |

| | |
|---|-------|
| Wrong Is Wrong, Dan Hernandez | 70-71 |
| <i>Drawing by Mabel Salazar</i> | 72 |
| Lovers' Lie, Liz Harbaugh | 73 |
| For Hannibal, Daniella Bagdadi | 74-75 |
| New Beginnings, Chelsea Carr | 76-77 |
| Memories, Amanda Liss | 78 |
| <i>Drawing by Joanne Kantor</i> | 79 |
| Sleep Tight, Rebecca Greenspoon | 80 |
| True Love, Chloe Jacobs | 81 |
| However, Jennifer Goldstein | 82 |
| Oblivion, Julia Brzhosneviskiy | 83 |
| The Flock, Fara Young | 84 |
| Deception, Stephen Ahron | 85 |
| <i>Drawing by Sam Weitzner</i> | 85 |
| The Shapes of Fate (Part Five), Liz Harbaugh | 86-87 |
| <i>Drawing by Daniella Bagdadi</i> | 87 |
| Overwhelmed, Elizabeth Friedman | 88 |
| Chivalry, Geoffrey Royer | 89 |
| Crushed American Dream, Meghan Pearl | 90 |
| Anger, Candice Schoenfeld | 91 |
| Washington D.C., Andrew Royer | 92 |
| <i>Photo by Julia Brzhosneviskiy</i> | 92 |
| Questioning Feelings, Brittany Savage | 93 |
| To My Childhood Friend, Nicole Hussey | 94 |
| Mazes, Steven Cohen | 95 |
| <i>Photo by Esteban Pulido</i> | 95 |
| No Place Like Home, Dan Matzkin | 96 |
| You Can, Jessica Davis | 97 |
| So...How've You Been? Dory Green | 98-99 |
| Bittersweet Farewells, Liz Harbaugh | 100 |

The Brightest Star

John Markowicz

You are the brightest star
Yet your image, So melancholy;
Your dark projections impair you

You try too hard
Bring agonizing pain to yourself;
Continually correcting what is perfect.

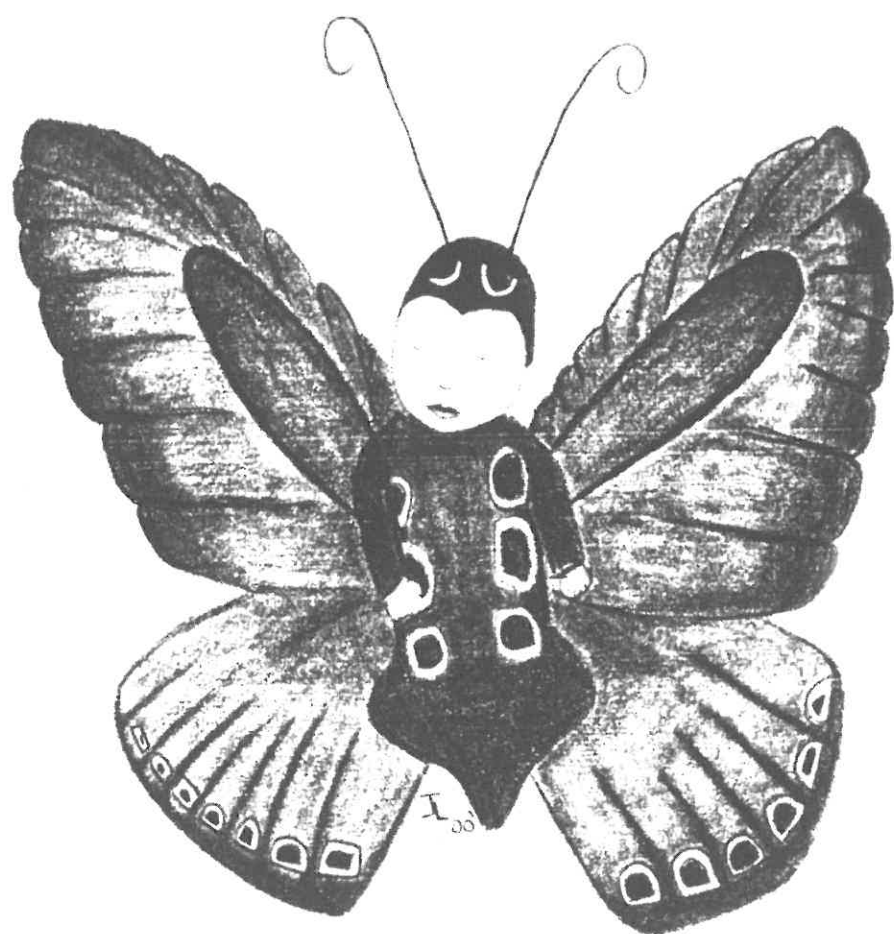
The stress surpasses your mind
Mentally, Physically, Emotionally,
Agony prevails.

Be calm!
All is well
Your intentions so good, yet
Accept yourself

You close yourself to the opinions of others,
Not hearing the words you are trying to hear
But they are there
In you

Listen, have an open mind
No one is perfect yet you come so close
Realizing you can't be will get you closer

You, so fragile
So sublime
You are the brightest star



Depression

Alexis Kaplan

Pain, anguish, stress, discomfort,
A wild roller coaster out of control.

Everything is unpredictable
What will happen next?

There is nobody out there,
Not one person to turn to.

So tired, but can't sleep,
Seem that no one can help me now.

Can't remember how to smile,
There is no need to keep living.

Is my existence important to anyone?
Would you notice if I were gone?

The Shapes of Fate

(Part One)

Liz Harbaugh

September 26, 2004
Shrewsbury, England

"Sheep! Look! Stop the car! Where's the camera?"

Matthew grins at me, rolls his eye, and pulls the car off onto the shoulder. The chilly autumn weather has turned his nose the color of cherry Chap Stick, but his dark eyes retain their humour and warmth. His freckles stand out across his cheeks and his thick black hair is—as usual—cut too short, exposing his ears, red from cold. He pulls the camera out of his coat pocket and jokingly holds it just out of my reach.

"Uh uh—who do you love most and best in the whole wide world?"

"You—of course you. Who else?" I stammer.

He eyes me as though I'm dangerous, as though he knows how close I am to losing it, breaking down, and running off. Then he grins, warily, yet lovingly.

"Go take a picture of the stupid sheep!"

I sigh with relief and climb out of the car. *He could love me . . . he could*, I muse, as I marvel at the simple beauty of the English countryside. Covered with both a lush green grass and a cold wet rain, the hills are an ominous meeting ground of life and death. Wispy fog clouds settle on the slopes like sheep after grazing—the sky is a most peculiar shade, a steely grey that lends a flattening air to the scenery. I shiver in my woolen peacoat and turn my attention towards the photo.

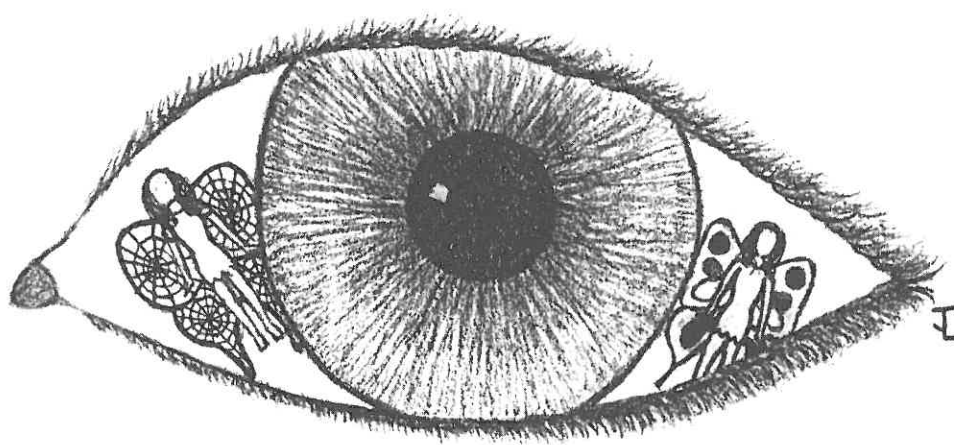
Matthew leans out the car window and catcalls, "Hey, crazy tourist girl, you wanna hustle?"

(to be continued . . .)

Eyes

Julia Brzhosnevskiy

What mystery can the eyes behold?
Deeper than all the oceans,
Faster in change than all the rivers,
As captivating as the Bermuda triangle,
As luring as a siren's song;
Yet they are merely the eyes—
One sole perspective of a multitude of lives.
Then how can one tumble and fall
Into their eternal sparkling dance,
Lose oneself in all existence,
Become addicted to their hypnotizing beauty,
And forever hunger for a second
In their infinitesimal universe,
If it is contained in the simplicity of the eyes?



Destiny

Chou Chou Guilder

For Claire

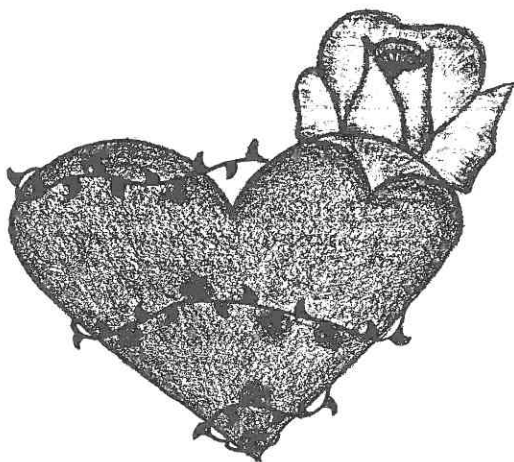
My eyes see reality
My ears hear the truth
I touch what is really there
and I take in all that has been
truly spoken.
But before it gets there,
in my mind
It gets all jumbled up
with my hopes, my dreams,
my deepest wishes.

Although I know all that
really happens,
I want it not to be so.
I may hear, but I don't listen.
I may see, but I don't observe.
I may know, but I don't realize.
I block out the truth
and replace it with what
I long for—
To have you back here with us.

What Is Love?

Jaime Schneider

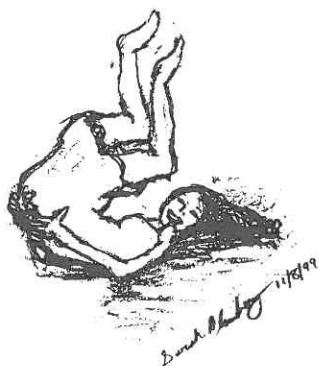
What is love?
Is it a feeling in your stomach?
Is it a touch of their hair?
Is it a sudden rush or chill through your body?
What is love?
Is it real or is it fake?
Is it magical?
Do you see sparks?
What is love?
How do you know?
Why does it happen?
Does it last forever?
What is love?



Life Before Love

Karoline Chung

Put success on a boat,
Use effort as the paddle,
Although failure is in your way,
Until you know what life is,
Forget about LOVE.



Reborn

Daniel Hernandez

I'm done with depression and I'm done with remorse
I'm through with yearning for romance that's run its course
Maybe I can be content with my life for a day or two
And I sure as hell won't start thinking about you

Life seems so beautiful and the clouds quite serene
The spring in my step is a sight to be seen
Having a day that I'd never once tried
It'd be hard to think about just how many times you lied

I've never seen a bird with a more lovely hue
Rest easy little one, winter will be gone soon
I'm humming a tune, I'm singing a song
Please tell me what could possibly go wrong?

I see my friends walking hand in hand
Did someone finally hammer o'er this land?
I can't find a beast with a savage soul to soothe
I'm the gent unstoppable, a man on the move

Shaking the rim . . .

Jorge Habib

As I cruise through the obscure valley
Of the unbeaten,
I enter the court,
I observe what expects me,
What awaits me,
What desires to eliminate me.
I have no fear.
I too,
Want a comeback.
To comeback against
That starvation of dominance
Felt in the air
And
Released in the court

There is a hunger,
Of leather crushing iron
Surrounding my head.
My feelings are of fusion.
The melting of composite
With a powerful strike
That rattles the rim
Burns the net
And trembles the ground.

I win the game.
I slide back through that path
That
Which I came through...
The smile
Stamped in my face
And the rim
Still shaking.



So Long Too Soon

Stephen Schloss and Laura Schweitzer

For Claire

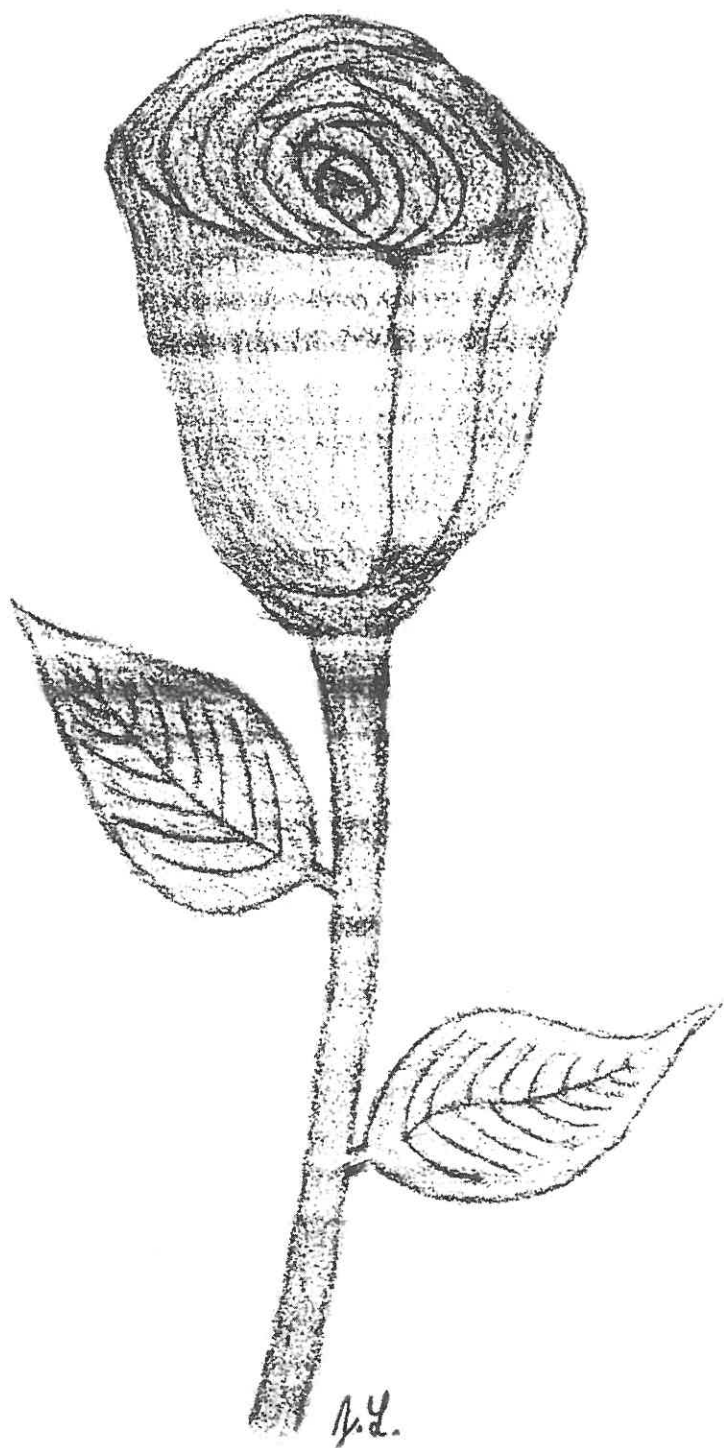
Silver moon fills the sky tonight
Quietness makes the calm feel right
Make your wish upon the only star
That watches you from above

Day you have left us too soon
You have left us with the radiant moon
Sun we all miss your warmth
But we all know
Your light will live on

Like a rose that didn't bloom
You feel empty in your room
But before you start to cry
You can look up to the sky
And you know that in your heart she will always be apart
We'll always remember...
That sun that set too soon

And when the sun that set too soon left us in the dark
It put us in that pitch-black room with a patch to heal our hearts

Silver moon fills the sky tonight
Quietness makes the calm feel right
Make your wish upon the only star
Claire we feel you from down here
Claire we feel you from down here...



The Tree

Scott Rafkin

I lifted my axe and the wind howled
I took a swing and the tree screeched
Night crept slowly upon the forest
Covering the faces of the flowers
So they could not see the horror
I took a swing and the tree yelped
It recoiled and stayed on its feet
I took a swing and the tree moaned
Its knees buckled from strain
Sending its body plummeting to the ground
That night the forest wept



Changes

Danielle Rubin

New beginning, a new life
Taken from the familiar
Family left behind, relations made along the way
Will I ever go back?

Brought to a strange land
Seeing a different world
Lessons taught, living learned
Is this a prison or a paradise?

Time went by so quickly
How did I end up here?
Looking back on a life passed
I have found peace at last

Love

Andy Beyda

The sun and the stars appear like a dream in your eyes.
Just as the twinkle in your eye will forever shine,
I know that true love will always be mine,
Because I know that you will always be by my side.
I'll give my heart,
In exchange for the road to yours.
I'll do anything to make you happy
Because I need you and care for you madly.
I look into your heart and I know what I see,
I see forever, you, and me.



The Shapes of Fate

(Part Two)

Liz Harbaugh

The word crazy stings. *He must know. I can't hide it, can I? How could he know?* I frantically panic. He smiles concernedly, questioning my reaction. *He's joking...only joking.* Relieved, I grin back.

Upon the hills, a lamb is settled against its mother on the wet earth, as though it were a down comforter. Up close, sheep don't look the way I imagined they would. They aren't bone-white and perfect, but grimy and dirty. *I look like that* I think ruefully. *How can I expect his love when I look like that?* Despite their dirtiness, they're sheep, and my childhood obsession with them compels me to take the picture.

I kneel on the wet grass, a few feet away from them, silently—to cause no alarm. On the verge of taking the photo, the mother sheep stares directly at me, right into my eyes. Hers are an angry amber color, and immediately they come. The voices inside me echo her stares.

Don't even think it—he doesn't love you. Couldn't. You are filthy—evil. No one ever loved you, from the moment you were conceived. You are here to take up space, repulsing people, until you die. End it. End your life now—we won't stop. You know that. Have we ever before?

I can't look away. All I can see is the sheep's eyes, all I hear are the voices inside me—cackling at the demise of my mind, the decimation of my soul. I can't break away or scream for help or do anything at all expect stare at the cold, cold eyes of the creature before me.

"Hon?"

Matthew is beside me, concerned. The hold is broken—I am freed again.

"You took it, right? Then let's go."

Ting-a-Ling: 100-Year Retrospective

Sam Weitzner

When I look back on all the things from the 20th century,
I fret when I think of them; I am not filled with glee.
Since Adam ate the forbidden fruit, man began his downfall,
But in these past 100 years, I think I've seen it all.
We've worshipped a talking mouse and a brain-dead Britney Spears,
We've plowed down acres of rainforest in the past 100 years.
With the advent of the A-bomb, we can destroy ourselves easily.
We have played God with a sheep and babies in the 20th century.
We've made it our business to know all about the President's sex life,
Why the heck should we care? None of us are his wife.
A group of us rose up to destroy another race,
We separated ourselves from others by the color of their face;
Even our youngest can go and kill their peers.
We seem to have digressed in these past 100 years—
With our current technology we can wipe ourselves back to primeval sludge,
The situation is out of control...but who am I to judge?

My Dream...

Karoline Chung

I have a dream
an American dream:
to touch, to smell, to see, to hear, to taste
my success.

When will I know if I've reached this success?
I will know,
when I can touch the highest mountain on earth,
when I can smell the sweetness of money,
when I can see that I've brought happiness,
when I can hear others congratulating me.

But I won't know my true success until,
the bitter taste of failure
tastes sweet to me.

The Enigma

Steven Cohen

Within a realm of happiness
Lies a corroded imagination
Filled with whimsical figures
and mystical giants –
Can we distinguish between the two
or are we trapped in a world
of fantasy?



The Witness

Gil Sklash

View to a gruesome scene,
Eyes to so much destruction.
Is this a dream or a cruel reality?
He say, but didn't want to believe
He heard, but didn't want to listen.
Can he help? But how?
So much glass, small pieces everywhere,
The color red all around,
Creeping, crawling, slowly flowing toward him,
Don't, don't get any closer,
He's not here, he's not part of it:
He's only a witness.

Lost Identity

Ashley Gale

It was not by choice
There was no other way
It was all forced upon her
On that very dark day

The life she knew
Both current and past
Would all be forgotten
In a manner so fast

Imagine denying her history
With each and every memory
Closing the door on a life she owned
And entering a world that is yet unknown

No family ties, no familiar faces
No photographs, no common places
A brand new name, a brand new state
How will she endure, and what is her fate?



Lost

Brandon Arkin

Lost in the search
Searching for understanding
Why search?
 To know
But what comes of knowing?
Unhappiness, fear, power, truth
 Unhappiness?
Understanding brings responsibility
 Fear
The truth is frightening
 Power?
Knowledge is power
 Truth?
Truth comes in the end.
 Like the cosmic circle
The search never ends, never begins,
The search just changes,
 The more you understand,
The more you search.
Lost in the search,
 Always searching...



The Shapes of Fate

(Part Three)

Liz Harbaugh

I say nothing. Stand up, make my way towards the car and sit down. He closes the door. It's sharp closing inspires a rise of interior monologue, but I fight them, because I need to ask him one question.

Matthew pulls the car back onto the motorway. Rain slaps our windshield, the wipers cutting it like knives. I bite my raw cuticles and stare out the window, summoning all my strength.

"Matthew," I whisper.

He reaches over and takes my frozen hand, brings my palm to his warm, pink, good lips.

"What?" he prods.

"Do..." I can't ask it. Inside they rise up against me, and I can't make my tongue move.

"What, sweetheart?"

"Do you love me?" I ask, barely letting the words escape, instantly regretting their release.

"With all my heart," he answers, "as truly as the rocks in the road are rocks, and as long as they will be."

His answer has strengthened me, and I press on.

"No matter what?"

He smiles, "No matter what."

I know what I have to do. Please, I pray, please let his answer hold true.

Mirage

Elizabeth Botkin

Destiny
Smiles slyly at him
Across frozen oceans and he wonders why.
Queen jealousy
Go take off your shoes
Always laughing while I make you cry.
These are the days of the end.
Watch the sky turn black.
Priceless figurines based on lies
Don't look ahead
And don't look back.
But it all rolls into one
One shelter from the rain.
And when this is all over
You'll hear the story
Of great stupidity
Of love that comes from pain.

Prison

Jonathan Jerome

Criminals banished from society,
Sent to a dark and gloomy place.
Walls as tall as mountains,
Topped with barbs as sharp as glass.

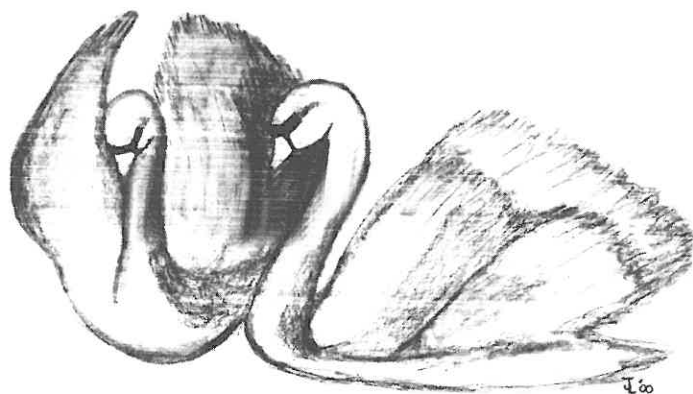
A dark cloud hovers overhead,
As another day of imprisonment passes by.
Families are torn apart and suffer everyday,
As their loved ones sit pondering all alone.

Guarded every hour of every day,
Freedom seems like a light at the end of a tunnel.
It keeps moving closer and closer,
As the endless days and nights go by.

Mother Nature

Leigh Sorkin

It is a never-ending stream,
And a bright blue ocean,
It is the feeling you get by seeing, touching, or feeling it,
A feeling of such freedom and life,
It is the stars in a clear summer night sky,
Or the sound of grasshoppers singing to one another,
It is the way your body feels when you are lying in an open meadow,
It is something that has changed,
And lived longer than any other human on this Earth,
It is the feeling of having no control,
It is experienced by all, who dwell on Earth,
It is Mother Nature.



The Simple Boy

Elizabeth Friedman

One could not explain, all the terrors that reign in this seemingly simple boy's life. He worked a simple job, lived a simple life, in a simple house, with a simple wife. One simple night in December, if I do remember, is when this simple boy's life met utter chaos and strife.

No one recalls, what brought about the shot of the ball, and the reasons need not be known.

But, after years of suppression, and poor discretion, the simple boy's unhappiness had grown.

So, one simple night in December, if I do remember, is when simple boy let out his first and final bellyaching moan.

It was a simple decision, thought out with little precision, but with indisputable conviction.

His simple job, his simple life, his simple house, and his simple wife were not enough to fulfill this simple boy's life.

The lesson to be learned, from the story of this simple boy's life, is that happiness comes from within, and is not something earned living a simple and unfulfilling life.

Analysis

Michael Forman

I sit. I stare into his eyes,
All the while analyzing.
He sits. He stares into mine
All the while analyzing.
His eyes. Cold, yet burning me.
What do I say? What do I do?
Strong. Don't let him in. Strong.
Am I crazy? No. I am strong.
He is crazy. Mad. Weak.
So we sit, we stare,
We both analyze.

Frustration

Elizabeth Blake

There is sun, but it doesn't light the room.
The faucet continues to drip, no matter how much I turn it.
A bitter taste left in my mouth, but there is no way to get rid of it.
Mildew hiding in the dark corners reeks, despite my cleaning.
I open my mouth to scream as voices echo in my mind.
I just want to split my head open and let everything out.



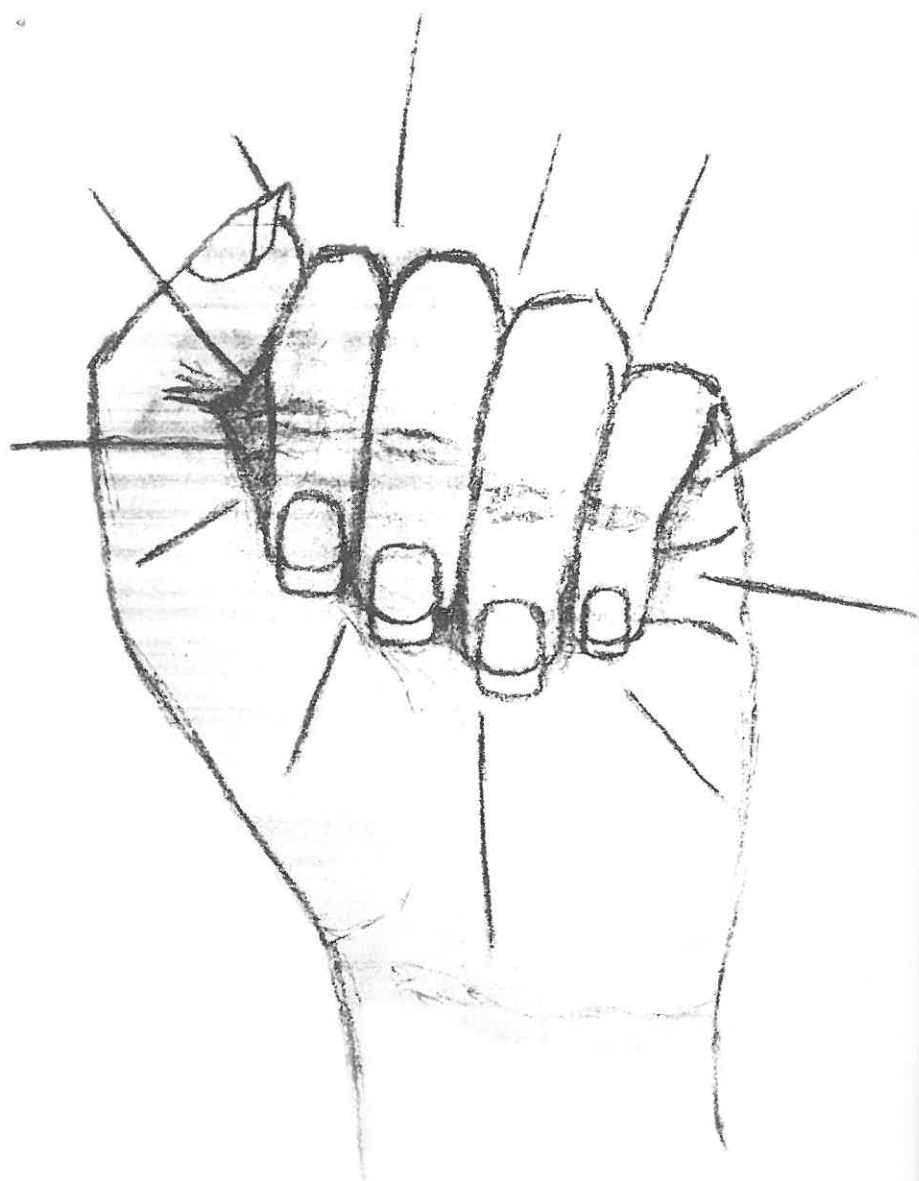
Pine Cone

Eric Leightman

The pine cone starts to grow.
Gradually, it forms its unique sliced, oval shape.
Dangling from a vast and wrinkled grandmother tree
From a thin and weakening twig,
The cone dwindles back and forth
Through the soothing daytime breeze.
Suddenly, like an infant losing its umbilical chord,
The pine cone is separated from its mother.

It falls to a long death
Only to experience a new life.
It lays in a small pile of grass, dirt, and colorful leaves.
Unable to move and all alone, it is at the mercy of a higher power.

Silence and darkness sweep over the tree and the surrounding land.
A blinding light flashes for only a swift moment;
A long, chaotic echo and a terrifying rumble follow directly behind.
From there a different kind of light appears to heat up the valley,
Growing exponentially minute by minute.
These bright orange flames engulf the tree, leaves and pine cone.
As the crunchy and sharp exterior of the brown object
Starts to crumble away,
Its delicate and miniature seeds are freed.
They are buried deep in the comforting, soft soil.
The land is now seemingly desolate and dormant.
Life lies just beneath the surface.
In time, seed will sprout again and a new tree will slowly grow.



Strength

Chris Leach

I burned a bridge yesterday
And can still feel the heat today.
An old flame was left far behind
Because he acted so cruel and unkind.

I could not be blamed for leaving him be,
Especially as he did not care for me.
But once I felt something for him,
So this departure was not on whim.

I can still remember the ink black nights,
When we stood outdoors flying kites.
We laughed so heartily at the world around
That did not hear our laughter's sound.

But maybe it was him laughing at me,
And me laughing in stupid naivete.
For I have found over these sad year
It's only his own voice that he hears.

So I set fire to the knotted old wood,
On which our friendship so long stood.
I turned my back upon the scorching flame,
And I know now I will never be the same.

Sleep

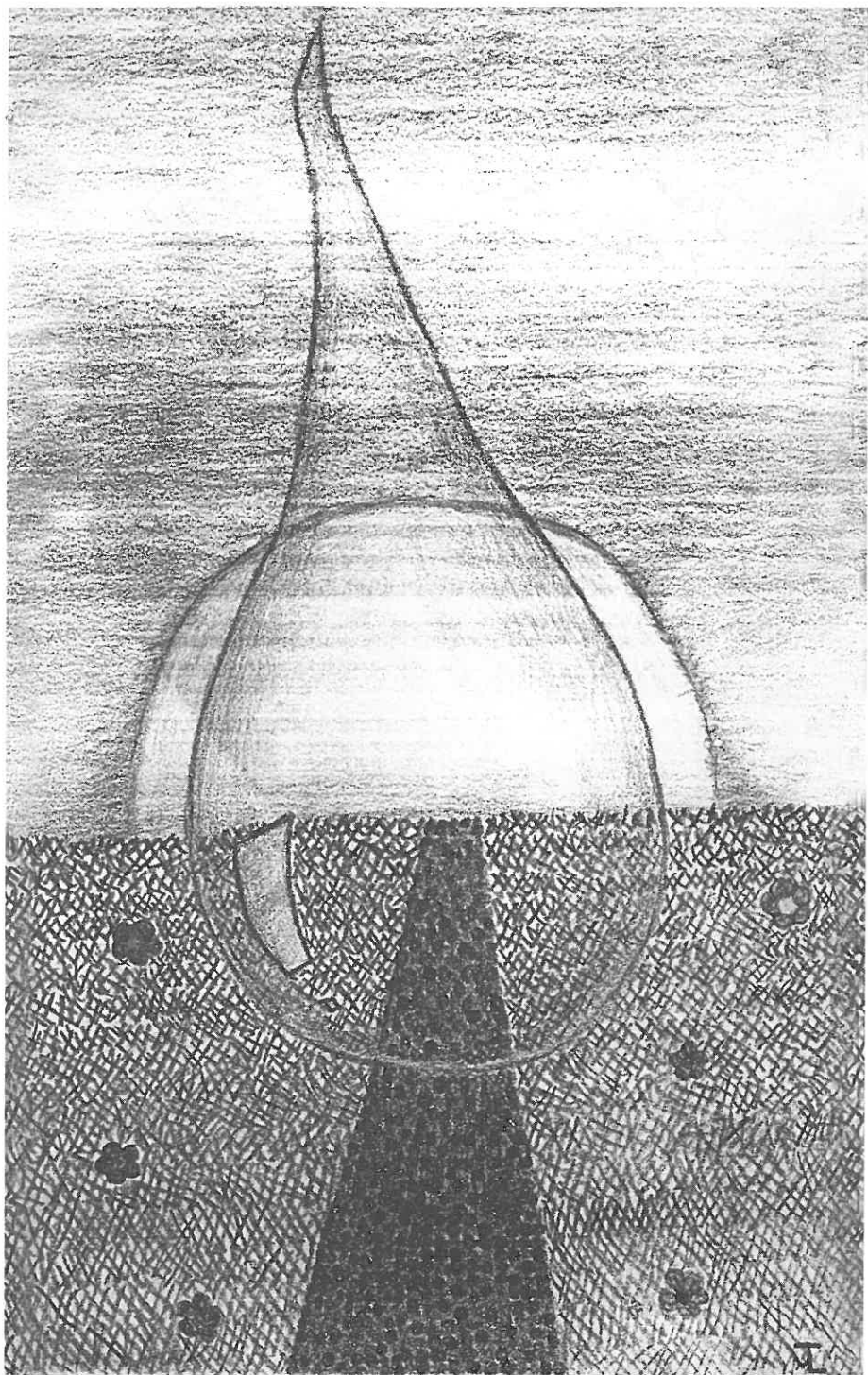
Andrew Share

Darkness and death could the sky,
Lifeless souls sing unheard cry,
Blackness forms; Ash rains fall,
As life loses livings' call.

Save us from our sealed fate,
Shield us from the Anubis Gate;
Destruction consumes once happy lands;
Tyrants bring sorrow with iron hands.

A single star lights midnight's gloom
Our beacon from impending doom.
Hope remains for frightened spirit.
Time summons one hero's visit.

He'll remove death's embrace,
She'll return all life's grace.
Sleep old world, sleep all, sleep well,
Dream away misery's hell.



Dear Friend,

Jen Goldstein

For Claire

Whenever I look at you, I see her
You two were so alike
When she walked into the room
Everyone would turn to look
She had more spirit in her eyes alone
Than some have in their entire being
She loved, and was loved by all she came in contact with

The sun that set so soon, left us in the dark
Where once her laughter broke the silence
Quiet will now prevail
She showed us all how to be, she made it look so easy
Everything was a reason for joy to her

We cannot question ourselves
Things happen that cannot be mended
She was taken from our lives
But she will always be our angel

Something happens to us
That words cannot console
We have lost someone we treasured
That cannot be replaced

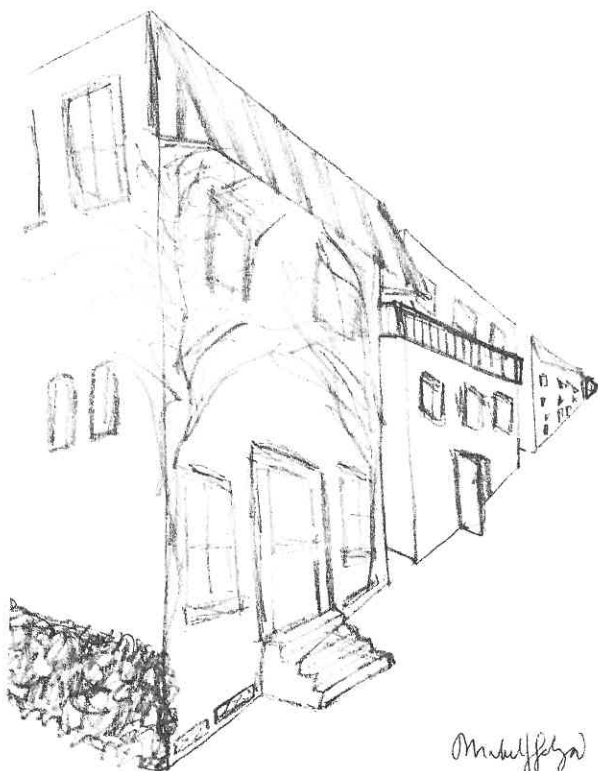
She was a light that guided many, her star still shines bright
We can live in peace
With her watching over us
We are in good hands

Love always,
Jen Goldstein

Table of Time's Effect

Julia Brzhosnevskiy

- 60 seconds of pain
 - =1 minute of seemingly eternal suffering
- 60 minutes of trembling waiting
 - =1 hour in agony of not knowing
- 24 hours of a newborn's life
 - =1 day of happiness for the parents
- 7 days of hard work
 - =1 week of striving to survive
- 30 days of perfect summer
 - =1 month of remember bliss
- 12 months of being apart from a loved one
 - =1 year to realize how much they're needed
- 100 years of a fruitful life
 - =1 century to learn the importance of time



Nature

Chou Chou Guilder

For Claire

Wind is a quiet sound,
Lifting weightless dancers
 off trees,
Calming the destruction.

The sun is a solitary piece
 of gold glitter,
Giving life to reaching plants,
Warming the earth with
 its beaming rays.

Clouds are like cotton candy,
Sweetening the ground with
 sugary raindrops
And relieving the brightness of the sky.

Rain is full of
Sculpted diamonds,
Replenishing the dry
And cleaning the dirty.

The moon is a glowing cat's eye
Taking away the fears
 Of dark and
Giving hope for a peaceful night.

The Shapes of Fate

(Part Four)

Liz Harbaugh

September 29, 2004
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

When I woke up this morning, she was gone. I woke up alone in our bed, her familiar perfume lingering on the sheets that we'd slept on for years. That was all she left. Everything she owned—her photo albums, picture frames, and stuffed animals—were gone. There were no clothes in her drawer and no makeup in the medicine chest and no shampoo in the shower. Everything was gone.

Except one magnet—a photo of us from our high school's prom. That had been before her eyes changed, before she hid herself away. She hadn't let me help her for months. It seemed unlikely that she'd left that by coincidence. I pulled it from refrigerator and held it to my heart. On the other side was a small Post-it. On it were the words "ring ring."

The phone jumped. Uneasily I raced to it—answered.

"Hello?"

Nothing. No breathing, no dial tone. And then her voice.

"Matthew."

"Where are you? What's going on? Can't we talk—"

"Please. Wait for me."

"Until when?" I screamed.

"Good-bye."

The dial tone was harsh in my ear—I don't know how long I stood there, praying she'd pick up. Then a voice startled me.

"If you'd like to make a call, please hang up and try again. If you need help—"

I quietly hung up the phone, crumpled in a heap on the floor, and wept.



Wooden Bench of Wisdom

Amber Gill

Sit upon this wooden bench,
For you have been the chosen,
Let the tree above you rest
While leaves blow harshly yet slowly.

Leave the memories that you have lived,
Enjoy the happiness around you,
Remember only time can tell,
That dreams do live within you.

You ask me child, "Why am I here?"
Yet I can only respond,
You are the one, the light, the joy,
That lives forever young.

Now it's time for you to go,
It's time for you to rise,
Your hope, your beauty, your laughter live,
In spirits, heart, and eyes.

Onus

Daniel Hernandez

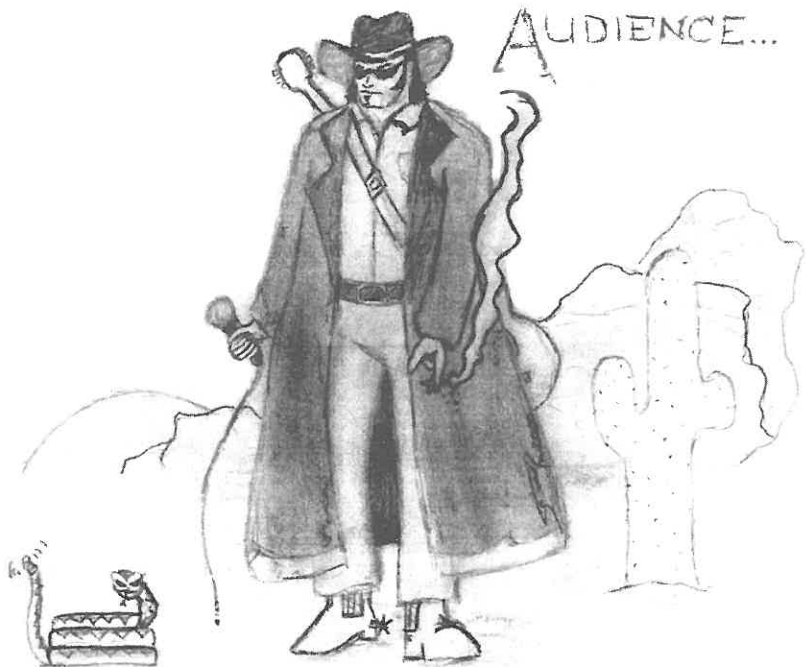
The chords sound good, but the words don't click
The song doesn't work, but the band won't quit
The tracks derailed, but the train's on time
Trouble's a-brewin', and there's no place to hide

The cop has the drop, but the gun's not loaded
The shot beat the clock, and the crowd exploded
The poetry is there, but the pen's gone dry

I would lead the charge, but heroes are the first to die
I would hold your hand if you asked me to try
I would join the circus if I wasn't such a freak
I will run for office, just show me who to beat

Andrea says, "Put me in the song"
and Mom says, "don't stay out too long"
and the band plays on and on and on
the singer just got lost in the song...

JUST GIVE
ME AN
AUDIENCE...



...AND I'LL PLAY

The Gift

Dena Cicale

In your life, you meet people,
Some don't intend to stay,
Some are just passing through your life,
To bring you a gift, a blessing, or a lesson.
Time went by fast,
But we definitely made each moment last.
When I held you close to me,
It was the only place in the world I wanted to be.
I couldn't bear to leave,
But I know we'll meet again,
However I don't know where and I don't know when.
You walked beside me the whole step of the way,
And I'm so sorry but I just couldn't stay.
Even if we are left to part,
I will always treasure the memories deep in my heart.
I hope you remember all the times we've had together,
Sharing the laughter and the tears,
I wish I could be with you for the rest of my years.
I was scared of what I did and where I would end up,
But most of all I was scared of losing the best thing that ever came into my life,
The best thing is you.
I have received a gift from a special soul,
And you have forever changed my life and made it whole.
Sometimes you just have to say good-bye,
But don't think for a minute that I have forgotten you or that I don't love you;
You have given me a gift of many dreams, much happiness, and so much love,
This gift I will have forever.



Vampire

Katie Blackwelder

You pierce through my soul like a blood-thirsty rat, diseasing my death and plaguing my body with your sickened disease. I think of you undoing my right, filling me with hate. You did this to me, and you will do this forever. You haunt me and kill me slowly through the insanity of society that fades away. In my heart I know you will never be able to abate the pain you have caused me. The tears you have sent me relieve no pain, for pity is but a vexing distraction to shelter the living from death. You sent me here, to this disgusting eternity, dirty and alone. And yet you mourn for the rain never goes away? You are a curious creature. I wait for the darkness to feed upon my hate, so I may do to others what has been done to myself.

A horrible fate that has condemned me always, I do the same onto the innocent because of the lust I create. I desire for power that will never be mine, all though the black empty hallway cascading through time. Always I will creep alone in this murky death. If I were to die I would rot in hell, for this I had my soul to sell. I care not where I am, who I am with, or when we will reach the end of the tunnel. For me there is nothing beyond this darkness, for I know even if I am not hated, my hate shall spark the flames that in the end will incinerate my seemingly eternal body. Like a scratch on skin you will leave a scar that heals with time, but for me that mark is cold for I see how external beauty fades with time. Now, walking alone, the rain drowns me out before I can reach the warmth of the sun.

Haikus

Scott Rafkin

Ceiling

White painted ceiling—
What if I painted you black?
Would you be the same?

Life

Life goes by too quick
To stop and smell the flowers
Slow life down a bit

Civil War

Many young men
Soldiers take the battlefield
Blood is shed today

Path

The road sits silent
Once traveled by wagons
It is now at peace



War Wreck

Stefani Altman

The silhouette of a man standing on top of a hill keeping watch
A group of five sitting in a circle, playing a sociable game of poker
The captain leaning against a tree, relieved that his crew is still alive
Breathing a sigh of relief, a woman holds a flashlight while writing to her family
In the distance, a man sits on a log
The flickering flame of a match, used to light a cigarette
Reveals a falling tear from his cheek,
Along with the anguish and suffering concealed in his face.
On the horizon, the sun slowly fades
A blazing red hugs the land as a dark yet cool blue rolls in overhead
It all gives the earth a picture of peace—
The sight a soldier can never forget
The part of war history cannot see.

Grief

Suzanne Bern

It is an obscure gray—with the same opaqueness of a blacker than black night.
A dull moaning echoes through the soul like the whine of ghosts in endless
catacombs.

All of it lingers on the nerves of the tongue like salt water that someone drinks
slowly.

Such a sour, stale air clouds the sense of smell and infects the body.

It embodies the shadow that no one ever sees on a fog that is woven by
confusion.

All the hate, love, life, joy, and pain combines and creates the mourning for what
is lost.



Who Am I?

Sara Gusky

I have lost myself and I don't know who I am.
Why am I here? What am I doing?
I am unsure of myself and my surroundings.
I know I am doing the right thing but I don't know why.
What should I be learning from this life?
You can teach me, but I can't promise you that I will learn.
I can see the tunnel but I can't find the light.
Am I just a lost soul?
Why am I suffering from your illness?
Do I deserve this emptiness, this loss of my identity?
I am disturbed by the bitterness that surrounds me.
Help me overcome the abuse I have endured.
I know I do not deserve this emotional damage.
I must find myself and my identity.
I need to find freedom,
To find the person who lives inside of me.

Footsteps

Chris Leach

The crowd swarmed
bustling in the humidity
fleeing the streets and city
drenched in rain.

And she stood still
frozen in the magic snow
of her makeup and kimono
so pure and lithe.

People passed her by
eager for their homes and beds
with wet newspapers overhead
and ruined wool suits.

Then she was gone
travelling straight up the street
the way of the geisha's feet
swaying her like a willow.



A masquerade of unwritten invitations

Julia Brzhosnevskiy

crazy dresses, unnecessary preparations
jaded stares, searching for the unknown
jolly xmas songs ignored by the not-so-jolly passersby with determined faces
mingling of lives
intertwined purposes, searching
imposing each other's space bubbles
rushing, dazed, wondering
an arm crossed with another
one hand in a pocket
casual shirts, pretty outfits
shopping for approval
upset children- overwhelmed by the crowd and limits of their desires
a bickering couple with kind hearts
tired, lugging half a dozen shopping bags
putting on a show-
a masquerade of unwritten invitations
searching- for the unseen
asking for acceptance
a concerned mother, wary of harm to her unborn child
satisfaction with temporary companionship
oblivious in a crowd of others alike
disagreeing- irritated by such minor details
searching for the unknown
wanting to be found

(continued)

prepared to disappear under an insignificant pretense
beepers, cell phones, pagers: technology
more. less. enough.
when is it enough?
clashing sounds of echoing voices,
reverberating music
grays, yellows, browns, blues
pales- casual, secluded, confident
brights- petty attention getters, knowing, vulnerable
gazing, afraid to look, perpetrate a life
staring without seeing, a purpose to be realized
willing, refusing, angered, playful,
sleepy, restless, curious, baffled
listless, powerless
wondering, strolling, running
winking, noticing, smiling
a woman spent at least 40 minutes doing her hair
another merely brushed it and walked out
makeup, hairspray, necklaces, rings-
a way to hide from oneself
nail polish- contributes to the hours spent preparing to be exposed to the world
facades, reality, limbo
strictly maintained hair cuts
gloomy eyes, puppy eyes, wise eyes
sparkling eyes, flirting eyes, sad eyes
happy eyes- smiles of content mothers of newborn babies

(continued)

cold, repressed past hidden behind a face
someone left without the warmth of a comforting word
children strapped to dog chains, tied to a plastic rope to control their movements
couples stealing kisses
young boys trying to imitate their older brothers' "cool" walk
jean shorts, knit sweatshirts, plain tees, cargo pants, plaid shirts, short skirts
bright glowing sneakers, fashionable capris
putting on a show-
a masquerade of unwritten invitations
empty smiles, polite questions, bored salespeople
Hawaiian prints, animal prints that will remain on the dummies that model them
self-conscious, timid, controlling, imposing
silent gentleness, spoken sang-froid
brisk touches of the companion's arm-
a wish to be alone, instead of sharing them with a thousand strangers



Ode to Hackneyed Ideas # 2

Shamini Mylvaganam

Hey Pretty baby
How do you feel today?
Have you a wish that I can grant?
Here I am, does the sunlight reflect my presence?
Havoc enters as I exit, you see
Hell unfreezes as I descend
Ponder life without me
Peace, ha! Life, even more amusing
Power, yes, control of your eyelids like systematic machinations
Love overflows for the diseased and degenerate
Life has a name but no face
Lust is nonexistent, a cursed word
Lose, lost, lacking, no one there to pull your strings
Can you survive, Descartes thought so
But mathematics was his basis
Alas, there are no numbers, theorems, proofs anymore
Burden attacks the mediocrity
Mediocrity is the majority
Majorities revolt
Let the revolution begin

Wrong Is Wrong

Dan Hernandez

My girl feels that I should love the rain
My girl feels that I should talk about pain
But not with her because that would be just wrong
That would be a declaration of love.
Would that be wrong?
No she wants me to be alone but only with her
Or maybe that is what I want
I can never tell when she doesn't ask.

My girl wants to see the streets of Paris
My girl wants me to grab a star and then share it
But only from the sky
I can't set down because that would be too far-gone
And that would be wrong
I want to be with her but she treats me like a poison she loves
Or maybe I am.
I can never tell when I'm not told.

So we walk along and these strange games
I've never been good at releasing what should be untamed
And only we two can understand.
Because looking from the outside world would be staring down the dawn
Glaring at the sun with uncovered eyes
And that would be wrong
Or maybe it wouldn't
I can never tell when I don't care

The puppet dances only when the master is not around
And I'm not either; I'm the only game in town
I think she understands that
I think I captivate her
She wants me
And that isn't wrong
Or maybe it is
I don't care



Lovers' Lie

Liz Harbaugh

Faces taut, bodies rigid.
The couple face each other,
locked in inner turmoil—
the decision of a lifetime.
The electricity devours and
envelops them,
breeze rustles like static cling,
Lovers live the lie.

Wedding bells and grey doves,
holding hands in the chapel.
Radiant bride and glowing husband—
yours forever, I do.
Happiness swirls,
rushing like the ocean
Lovers live the lie.

Street corner,
in the misting rain
and lamplight.
He will never face her
again.
She is running away,
running,
for happiness' sake.
He moves to stop her,
the truth sinks in.
They were never happy.

Lovers live the lie.

For Hannibal

Daniella Bagdadi

In a time of Science, logic, and reason,
Would you believe I met the devil?

June passed by beneath your shadow
We all felt its cold
Frozen, helpless, no one can escape
When the devil comes out to play
When he needs to grab a bite

Like a fine predator you wisely choose the most pleasing catch
Dining on its humiliation, its new realization of failure and rejection
Carefully bring it down by pulling out painful truths
Tensing when you drain the last of life throughout its suffering, reaching euphoria
Then you swallow it down with a rich glass of Chateau d'Yquem wine

They called "Shaitan!" "Il mos tro!" "Inhuman!"
Don't understand your indifference to child, woman, or man
They scream, "Sadist!" when they see your calm blue eyes
After you mutilate, pose, or cannibalize your prey alive
You think, "Too bad alive doesn't last; death ruins a good time."

Then I found you, or was rather brought to you
I felt close, an invisible bond
You didn't change, I did
I understood your honesty
Charming like a snake's dance before it strikes

In "the sick, inhuman," mind I found purity for the first time
Someone who values life more than anyone
Basking in its beauty, fragrances, tastes, and riches
A person so filled to perfection with enjoyment of life
He was able to see the cleansing beauty of death

Then you showed understanding of me
Understanding even I don't know
I felt lost, not knowing my identity
You showed me who I was
You brought out even what I didn't want to know

Amazed, I clung to you like your disciple
As you showed me the greatness of life
I realized I liked you
And hoped for your feelings in return
I sit by the ruthless killer and say to you
"I never saw an angel,"
but the devil was nice"

New Beginnings

Chelsea Carr

I had been somewhat exposed to it all my life, but I wasn't quite sure how I was supposed to react when I actually came face to face with the worst of it. I had been warned of what it might look like, of how horrible it might be, of how agonizing the pain might become. I was not allowed to go to the hospital for the first three weeks, those horrible, lonely weeks, but by the fourth, I insisted. My parents and I walked into the hospital room and carefully examined the young girl. I was scared, more for her or me, I am unsure. I had never seen my older sister look so spiritless. I had never seen my idol look so frail, so helpless, so vulnerable. She was my angel, my hero, my everything.

I assured myself that her lifelessness had nothing to do with the cancer. I rationalized that the dullness in her appearance was caused by the bad lighting. Her face was ashen and pallid; her chapped lips colorless; her beautiful, wavy, soft hair was no longer present. She surely felt me staring at her, but she didn't move. Not this time. She had to have known I was there, but in no way did she acknowledge my presence. She remained motionless, like an old, broken down car, and kept her eyes staring at the faded yellow wall in front of her. She just lay there like an inanimate object for what seemed like hours. I thought that she and I would never laugh together again, never tell bedtime stories to one another, never have the chance to teach our puppy any more tricks.

I inspected her more closely now. She was shivering. I touched her hands and quickly pulled away. They were so cold. She was trembling. I moved my fingers over her forehead and felt the thin layer of sweat that had developed over time. She was crying. I wiped her tears away and waited for others to trickle down her cheeks.

"I want to come home," she finally whispered. Although I had been anticipating any type of sound that may have flowed from her mouth, her voice kind of frightened me and I was taken aback. And I knew it surprised my parents, too; their eyes lit up, their smiles widened with amazement, their faces grew tight with astonishment. She had been silent for the past several weeks and this was a tremendous feat. "I miss you guys. I miss you all so much." She slowly spoke once again.

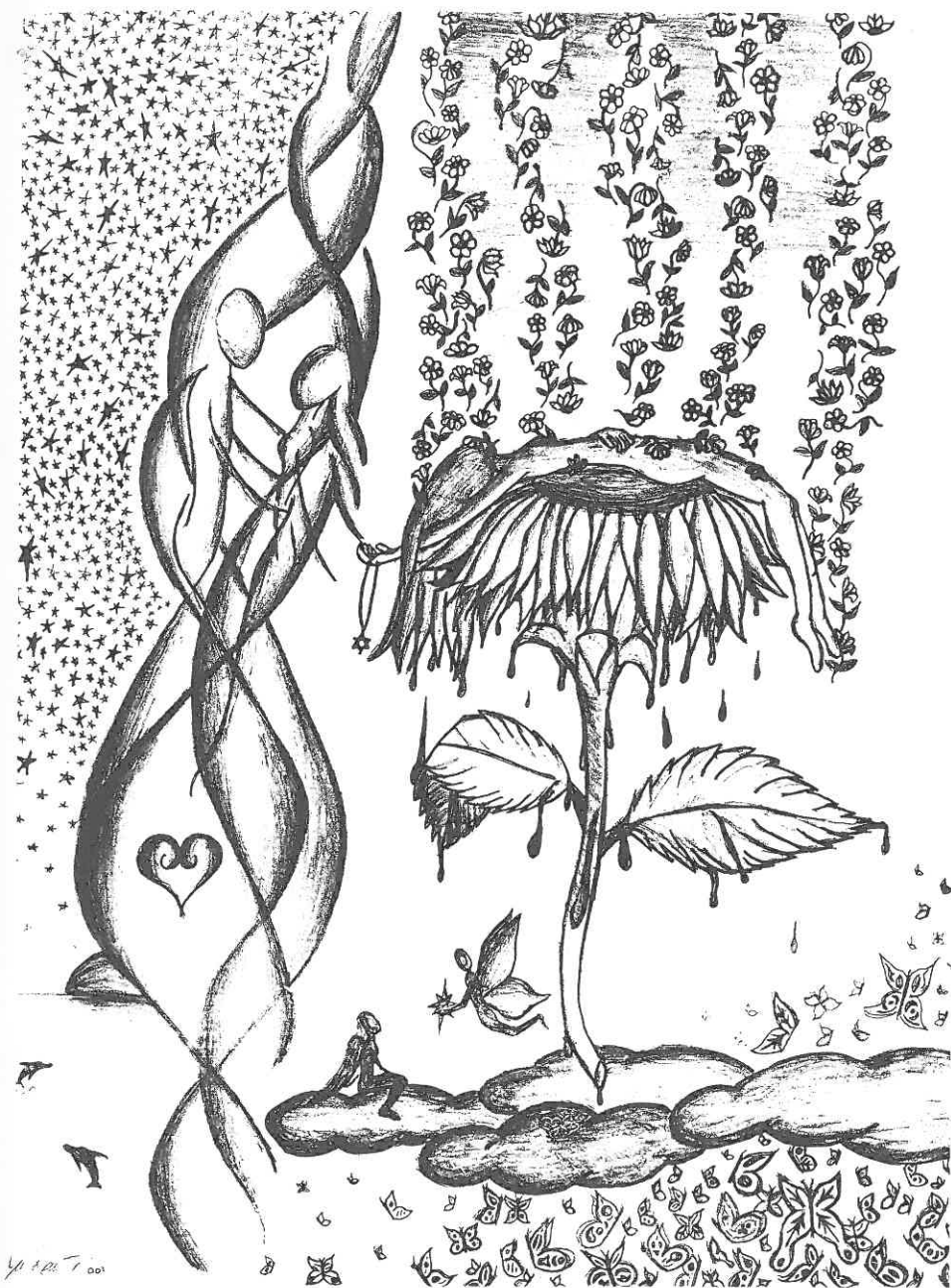
Suddenly, the jaded yellow walls seemed bright, giving off an incredible energy that invigorated the room. Within moments, her face recovered some color and her shaking abruptly ended. "I love you. I love you very much." I spoke proudly and without hesitation. She was my angel, my hero, my everything and she was strong and she was determined.

"How long have I been here?" she asked and silently waited for a response. My parents did not want to discourage her, to make her feel as though she were a burden, to force her to endure any unnecessary emotional pain. They replied, "Not long. Not long at all."

Memories

Amanda Liss

A constant reminder of you and your life,
Memory is a wonderful thing.
'Til the end of time your spirit will remain,
With all the happiness that it does bring.
At the outset, you were always in my thoughts,
Though it mostly brought tears to my eyes
But as I thought of you less, your spirit remained,
It's comforting to know that memory never dies.
Time alone with you as always well spent.
I value the moments we shared;
From talks, to laughter, and then even to tears,
You will remain in my heart forever.



Sleep Tight

Rebecca Greenspoon

4
The little bunny asked his pop,
"Daddy do you love me?"
"Well of course I do, now go to sleep,"
Replied pop thoughtfully.
"I don't believe you daddy, though I really must confess
That you love brother more than me, and you think he's the best."
"Do not say so bunny boy, I love you both, I do.
I never meant to make you sad or ever make you blue.
Now go to sleep it's getting late," said daddy to his son.
But as the words came flowing, the boy was dreaming some.
So Papa Bunny closed the lights and kisses his son goodnight.
He whispered softly, "Son of mine, I love you and sleep tight."

True Love

Chloe Jacobs

I flew back.
I don't know quite why I did.
Maybe it was because your wings were spread
Waiting for me.
I knew I had to,
There were those butterflies flying within my stomach.
I couldn't live without knowing what life was supposed to be like,
I flew back.
To see your eyes, hear your heart, feel your warmth.
Love can't escape fate
And I was entangled in a warm fiery love,
I threw away the key to the cage,
Never wanting to escape.
My life and my nest are with you forever.

However

Jennifer Goldstein

Go out to a cliff and throw shells into the ocean,
Then try to collect them.
This feat, as many others,
Is impossible:
So is trying to learn all the secrets of another.
We can learn only what others choose to share with us,
What is revealed for our knowledge.
People show us what is safe for us to know,
And we believe that this is who they really are.
However,
How well can we ever really know another person?

Oblivion

Julia Brzhosnevskiy

Oblivion is a fairy tale of reality
It is a book of shadows
A story with boundaries
Oblivion is life in a bubble
It is existence behind see-through walls
A path that runs through clouds
Oblivion is choosing not to know
It is a conscious denial
With subconscious acceptance
Oblivion is looking without seeing
It is recognition of blatant events
And seclusion from clandestine ones
Oblivion is a one-way mirror
When you're standing on the inside
Oblivion is a state of mind
It is a part of character
An enemy to awareness
Oblivion a heavy fog that does not disperse
Oblivion is security

The Flock

Fara Young

They migrate in mass numbers during the winter season,
And they fill up hotels and motels for only one reason:
The sandy beaches cannot be beat,
Nor can the Miami Heat.
Beneath this bedlam of beach bums,
Lies the inevitable consequence that comes;
Natural wildlife lives in the Everglades,
But every tourist season it fades.
The flock makes the early bird special just in time,
The French ones from Canada do not tip a dime!
When we hear accents all about,
We know the New York birds have come out.
Quite a few Floridians fulminate at the festering flock,
But still the ports are hectic at the cruise ship dock;
This popular place is now saturated with friends and foes;
When the migration will stop, no one knows.

Deception

Stephen Ahron

A series of half truths
Self serving platitudes
Biased teachings
Deception

Speak to me honestly
I am eager to learn
Not your opinions
But how to form my own

I am today's child
Tomorrow I may rule our country
I look to you for guidance
Without deception



The Shapes of Fate

(Part Five)

⁶Liz Harbaugh

May 26, 2005

New York City, New York

Matthew unlocked the door to his apartment, nearly falling as he struggled with his briefcase and other files from work. *It would be her twenty-second birthday*, he thinks, for the hundredth time that day. The past months had been agonizing—he'd sold their house a week after she left, for living there was unbearable. Finally he'd found home in New York, where the crowds and the bustle could swallow him. He worked twelve hours a day, seven days a week, as a lawyer for a large company. Several women had made advances on him, all he had refused. One woman kissed him, because she thought it would overcome his shyness—he had looked at her and cried for hours in the hallway at work. They suggested he take some time off. He didn't.

He set everything down in his office and went to find a bottle of Smirnoff. Tonight he would drink himself into oblivion. He passed his bedroom and inhaled deeply, to clear his mind.

She was here. He'd smelled her twice since she left, once on the subway—he'd raced through all the cars twice, for she always seemed just ahead of him. But he never saw her. The second time he had been in the elevator—but he was alone that time, and knew it was only his imagination. But this was she—it had to be.

She sat upon his bed. Her hair was long and dirty, and the dress she wore was filthy—it was her pink ballgown, he saw, the one from her prom. Her skin was covered with bruises and discolorations, as though she'd been sleeping on something hard and cold. Her fingernails were grimy and uncut, her feet bare and blistered.

But her eyes—her eyes were clear. Strong. The eyes he'd fallen in love with a hundred times a day.

He stepped toward her, and then noticed the scars. On her wrists. Tens of them—the newest a month old. He choked back a sob.

"Oh, Matthew. I wanted to stay—I love you so. But I had to leave—I had too—"

He silenced her with a kiss, despite her chapped lips and dirty hands. He covered her face with his mouth, and he knew she was here to stay. He separated himself from her to utter one thing, and one thing only, the three words he needed to tell her.

"I love you."



Overwhelmed

Elizabeth Friedman

Entranced by the splendor
Coerced to surrender
The rapture overcame me
Only pleasure could sustain me
From leaving my sanity behind

Helplessly divested
The epitome of delirium
Emotions overpowered
My intellect devoured
By forces unrelenting to my pleas

A state of oblivion confounded me
Wrapping its infinite domination around me
Heightening all my senses
I abandoned my defenses
Forcefully submersed in the depths of my sins

Chivalry

Geoffrey Royer

He practiced it,
And he was mocked for it.
He lived the life of a knight.
He even knew how to fight
As a knight of old.

He dreamed his life away,
And at the end he said, "I'll stay."
He gave up his friends
For life as a knight,
The life for which he would fight.

Crushed American Dream

Meghan Pearl

The independent illusion rushes to make the grade
To buy the car, to make more money, to live the American dream
The flowers in the front lawn are crushed under black shoes rushing to the office
Yet, the invincible clock keeps ticking, and the hour comes when his legs are
exhausted
A momentary pause allows a realization
From this chair, the trees on the new TV don't look as attractive as the ones seen
through the window
The actual reality of the outdoors provides an inexplicable comfort
Another chime and back to the earth the previous "individual" falls
Absorbed into the mysterious eternal cycle that his living self never recognized
A red flower decorates the gravesite
And is crushed by his son's black leather shoes, rushing to the office after paying
his last respects

Anger . . .

Candice Schoenfeld

Wraps its hand around the clear, calm river, tainting its pure color with the red blood of rage.

Slowly and quietly creeps up on the most serene soul before snarling and claiming its victim with a roar of triumph.

At first is sweet and pleasing to the tongue before turning bitter, choking the body that harbors it.

Entices with its alluring, welcoming scent while slowly rotting and emitting the foul stench of decay.

Begins as a small hissing kitten and explodes into a mighty beast that chokes and rips with a pair of ragged claws.

Sinks its talons into mind and heart while destroying sanity and allowing the tongue to flow freely, lashing out at whoever provokes its wrath.

Washington D.C.

Andrew Royer

The city of Washington never does sleep.
It is full of treachery and deceit.
Corrupt congressmen cause problems for all,
Simply by walking down a hall,
With a lobbyist who promises them a life,
But really causes pain, suffering, and strife.
Corruption, greed, and money run the Hill,
Not freedom of speech and free will.
These problems will not go away,
Not until voters save the day.



Questioning Feelings

Brittany Savage

Love, smiling at one another for the first time,
what could this mean?

Anger, a kept secret,
why?

Hope, desiring her recovery,
what will happen?

Fear, afraid of what he will do without her,
how will he live his life?

Nervousness, asking for her hand in marriage,
what will she say?

To My Childhood Friend

Nicole Hussey

I remember when we were five,
I would go to your house or you would come to mine,
And we would play whatever came to our minds.
We would play for hours,
Let our imaginations run wild,
Visit make-believe worlds.

I remember our favorite pastime was those dolls
We would brush their hair,
Dress them in clothes that didn't match,
And take them everywhere.
Those dolls took us wherever we wanted.
We traveled around the world without leaving the room.
Our other favorite game was using that contraption
That printed pictures of models with different clothes.
We would make up ridiculous outfits,
Then laugh at the stupid mismatched models.
We had fun with anything that came to our hands.
Anything was fun.
Everything was a party.

But today things aren't that simple.
We can't play with dolls anymore.
We don't find those mismatched models funny any longer
We lost the talent of imagination.
Our childhood is over,
But it will never be gone.

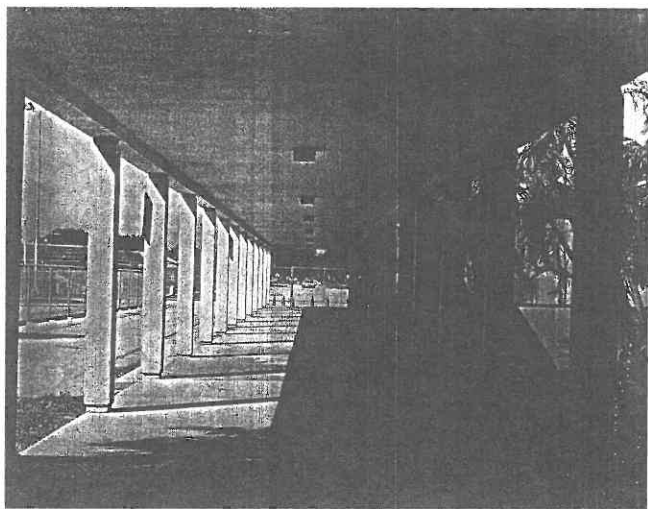
Mazes

Steven Cohen

A perplexing mystery
of misdirection—

An illusion rather than
a melodic symphony
of reality—

A corridor of fate,
irony, and chance
leading to a destination
Still unknown.



No Place Like Home

Dan Matzkin

Although unbeknownst to most,
Home is a rare and unique treasure.
It may be host
To feelings of both pain and pleasure.
To nowhere else can it be compared,
Towards no other place is such strong emotion shared.
Despite admiration for lands elsewhere,
Home remains embedded in the mind
And is often thought of with care.
Whichever way your path is set,
And wherever you roam,
Ne'er should you forget
There really is no place like home.

You Can

Jessica Davis

You can think you can shed your skin,
But what you see is what you get.
You can try to change yourself,
But expectations are rarely met.

You can dress yourself in a wardrobe divine,
But the person inside you shows through.
You can vow to change and grow,
But in order to achieve you must do.

You can deny who you are and where you're from,
But someone will always know.
You can try to mask your insecurity,
But the weaknesses always show.

You can say the perfect things,
But it's obvious they aren't true.
You can believe you can get away with grand deception,
But in order to achieve you must do.

So...How've You Been?

Dory Green

We've never met,
But you didn't care.
My clothes weren't that cool,
You hated my hair.

I stayed alone,
Never spoke to you.
You came up to me,
You words biting and true.

You tore up my heart,
Ripped at my soul.
You made me suffer,
Was that always your goal?

No one could repair
The damage you'd done.
And you'd hurt me again,
All just for fun.

I spent so long thinking,
It had to be me.
But then I realized, it's you,
Why didn't I see?

You caused this pain,
I was happy before.
I'm perfectly fine,
And I'll suffer no more.

Have you ever felt pain
Always needing to cry?
Do you know what it's like,
Wanting only to die?

Have ou ever felt hollow?
Like the only one here?
Have you ever been paralyzed
And filled all with fear?

I'll make sure you do,
There's nowhere to hide.
Let everyone see
The darkness inside.

You don't deserve
To breathe the same air as me.
You need to see that.
I'll make your heart bleed.

You had your chance,
To stay in the sun.
Your pain is my pleasure,
Isn't it fun?

Bittersweet Farewells

Liz Harbaugh

Here is the day
We take up our diplomas with pride
I see my parents at the table

My mother cries
So does Daddy
He takes another picture

My friends are here

Enemies, too,
But at this point
Petty rivalries
Don't matter

There is much to come—
Our whole lives are ahead of us!

But at this moment
It seems there is nothing
Beyond these good-byes
A childhood closed
Sidewalk chalk forever
Relegated to the bottom of the closet
Saturday morning cartoons
A distant memory

I see adulthood shining ahead
It will bring so much
But these farewells, to friends so dear
Memories sweet as spring rain
These farewells will
Break my heart